

## I Need Only Coin

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# I Need Only Coin

by [BlueBerry0001](#)

## Summary

The candles scattered throughout the large room flickered while red curtains blocked out the moonlight. The infamous witcher known as Vesemir sat in the wooden tub as you sat behind him on your knees to rub his broad shoulders. He had a decade's worth of knots that even your talented hands could not work out. Still, he welcomed your touch, and you welcomed his coin. Occasionally, you kissed his neck as he sipped his glass of wine and bragged about his bloody conquests. He wore only his silver medallion, the symbol of his unsavory profession. You judged him not; who was a whore to judge a man who valued coin above all else.

(The witcher Vesemir meets you, a prostitute with a dark past, who lusts for coin as much as he does. You fall in love with him but his heart still belongs to another.)

(Warning: Contains spoilers from The Witcher: Nightmare of the Wolf (2021) )

## Notes

Hello!

I recently watched The Witcher: Nightmare of the Wolf and I loved it so I was inspired to write this story.

Also, I think I have a thing for medieval fantasy men who are emotionally constipated.

Disclaimers: All rights are reserved to Studio Mir and Netflix and I do not own The Witcher: Nightmare of the Wolf, The Witcher universe, or the characters.

This fic contains explicit sexual content, references to past abuse, references to past sexual abuse, references to murder, references to death, and depictions of prostitution.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

The candles scattered throughout the large room flickered while red curtains blocked out the moonlight. The infamous witcher known as Vesemir sat in the wooden tub as you sat behind him on your knees to rub his broad shoulders. He had a decade's worth of knots that even your talented hands could not work out. Still, he welcomed your touch, and you welcomed his coin. Occasionally, you kissed his neck as he sipped his glass of wine and bragged about his bloody conquests. He wore only his silver medallion, the symbol of his unsavory profession. You judged him not; who was a whore to judge a man who valued coin above all else.

"There is a technique to killing a higher vampire such as alps and bruxae," Vesemir told you. "Keep your distance, and when there is an opportunity to strike, be quick and make it count. Pierce the heart with a silver sword or cut off the head for good measure. Simple."

Your hands stopped moving as a memory of you wielding a bloody dagger flashed in your mind. Vesemir took a sip of wine while mentally noting the uncomfortable silence.

"I killed a monster once."  
"Wraith? Werewolf? Wyvern?"

You chuckled breathlessly at his joke and resumed kneading his flesh. He smirked at his own cheekiness and took yet another sip of wine.

"A man, actually."

Vesemir stopped smirking, and you paused again as another vivid memory appeared in your mind. You were straddling a nobleman and stabbing him in the heart repeatedly as his blood splattered onto your white nightdress and youthful face. When you returned to reality, you leaned close to Vesemir's ear.

"If you think all monsters have claws and sharp teeth, you are mistaken, witcher."

The shaky whisper lingered in his mind as you stood up and walked over to the bed. The red drapes that hung from the canopy matched the curtains perfectly. You lay on your side in the middle of the bed amongst the decorative pillows. The see-through material of your nightdress gave but a vague glimpse at your beautiful breasts and pretty pussy. Vesemir stood up and threw his head back to finish the rest of his wine. You glanced at his sizable length as he approached the table to set his empty glass next to the bottle. He grabbed the towel hanging from the couch and wrapped it around his waist.

"Sounds like you have a story to tell," He said while approaching you. "You're not going to tell me the rest?"

"Do you want to hear the rest? Or do you want to fuck?"

"We will, soon enough. You have my interest, and I tire of my own voice."

You smiled softly at the closest thing to courtesy you would get from a witcher and patted the spot next to you on the bed. Vesemir came to you and laid on his side while looking into your eyes. He could have easily ordered you to shut your mouth and lay on your back like many

men had. You leaned in to give him a soft kiss on the lips and then pulled away to tuck your hair behind your pointy ear. In the soft glow of the room, he saw you for what you truly were.

“I was caught and sold like a fish at sea,” you explained. “My former master was cruel and left me with little dignity. One night, I took the dagger he kept in the drawer of the bedside table and stabbed him until my arm ached. The sheets were stained with his blood, as were my hands.”

“Should have gotten a witcher to do it,” he joked, trying to lighten the mood. “Less mess.”  
“No. It had to be my hand.”

You caressed his cheek with a bent knuckle so softly he found it hard to believe your hands were capable of killing. You lowered your head as he took your hand and kissed your knuckles before looking into your eyes again. Your elven ancestry explained your extraordinary and otherworldly beauty.

“I ran and made my home here.”

“Why here?”

“Coin, of course.”

You forced a flimsy smile that was familiar and haunting to the witcher. He understood how you felt better than you would ever know.

“I was always a whore, but now I am a whore with some coin, a full belly, and a lovely little room all to myself. I want for nothing...”

A life of coin and pleasure was better than a life of servitude and suffering; that he would agree with. You leaned in towards each other and met in the middle for a kiss. Your lips overlapped as your tongues fought against one another with a passion that should only exist between lovers. He released the hand he was holding and laced it in your hair. When you parted, you were left breathless. He looked through you as a spirited blonde girl with blue eyes came to mind. The bitter aftertaste of the wine lingered on his tongue while he longed to taste a gooey honey cake.

“What is her name?” You asked in a whisper.

“I beg your pardon?”

“The woman you’re thinking of. What is her name?”

Vesemir turned to lay on his back and tucked an arm behind his head. He stared at the top of the canopy bed as the girl’s charming smile came and went from his mind. The gentleness of your voice had him lower his guard just a little.

“Illyana.”

You ghosted your fingertips over the middle of his chest and grabbed his witcher medallion. You looked down at the wolf with its fangs bared and ran your thumb over it.

“I could be her for the night if you like.”

Vesemir turned to face away from you, causing the piece of magically infused silver to slip from your fingers. The silence was long and heavy while he stared at the dancing shadow cast by the candles.

“I don’t intend on staying the night.”

“You could... For the same price, too.”

“You won’t make much coin that way.”

You reached out to touch his arm but withdrew it before lying on your back. Raising your arm, you twisted your wrist as if trying to grasp at stars you couldn't see.

“You’re right— We’ll make this quick then.”

Vesemir turned around to face you, and you turned on your side to face him. The fires of desire that you nearly extinguished were reignited when you gazed into each other’s eyes.

“Now, I never said I wanted it to be quick.”

“However you like it then.”

He smiled with a hint of mischief and leaned in to kiss you as deeply as before. Then he grabbed you and pulled you onto himself. You cupped his jaw and moaned softly into his mouth. He held your waist and then slid his hands down your curves until they reached your rear. He squeezed the plush flesh with both hands and broke the kiss to flash you a smirk. You mirrored his smirk while he gathered up the delicate fabric of the night dress. Sitting on his lower abdomen, you raised your hands to the sky and allowed him to pull the garment off and toss it to the side. In one quick yank, you removed the towel that concealed his half-hard member.

It was your instinct to pleasure him first, but he pulled your hips to bring your lower lips to meet his tongue. The first lick was long and slow, as if he was savoring your taste. After that, he greedily slurped your juices as if it would make him drunk. You leaned back with your palms pressed against the mattress behind you on either side of him. Another soft moan left your throat while his nose repeatedly rubbed against your folds, and his beard tickled your skin. He grunted within you and then sucked on your small bundle of nerves. You clutched the bedsheets and tilted your head back with a long, breathy sigh. It was difficult to feel anything at times in your profession, but in this moment, you felt pleasure.

“Do all elves taste this sweet?” He asked cheekily, poking his head out from between your legs. “Or is it just you?”

“I assume I’m your first.”

“First elf, this is hardly my first time.”

He flashed you a quick and easy smile before pushing two fingers into you. He pumped and curled them expertly, making you moan yet again. Then he removed his fingers and resumed licking and sucking your sweet spot. It was rare for a client to prioritize your pleasure over theirs. However, Vesemir enjoyed tasting you as much as you enjoyed feeling his tongue poke around within you. The burning in your lower stomach began to build up, and you hunched forward. You put a hand in his dark brown hair and moved your hips back and forth

for extra friction. He hummed in approval and held your hips, pushing and pulling, encouraging you to move against his tongue.

You gasped when relief washed over you and leaned forward to brace yourself against the mattress. Vesemir stretched his neck out to catch the bliss in your eyes as you heaved over him.

“As a witcher, I am a man of many talents, naturally.”

You breathlessly chuckled at his well-earned boast and crawled down his body. He sat up as you positioned yourself over his pelvis. He filled you entirely as you sunk down with another sigh.

“Pace yourself,” he said, cupping your cheek. “Or it will be over too soon.”

You placed a hand over his much larger one with appreciation for his concern hidden behind a thin veil of selfishness. You smiled sweetly as you stared into his golden eyes, which seemed almost comforting.

“Witchers are said to be bloodthirsty scoundrels who care only for coin, yet you are the only man who has ever treated me kindly.”

The confession caught him off guard and made his eyes widen. You pushed him down by his shoulders while he tried to make sense of what you said.

“An irony, isn’t it?”

More ironic than a whore falling in love with a man who only wanted a good time. He opened his mouth to speak, but you stole his voice with another deep kiss. Then you abandoned his lips in favor of his neck. He twitched within you with want, and you pulled back to roll your hips. He sighed, sliding his hands up your torso to cup your breasts, running his thumbs over your perk nipples.

“I never got your name.”

You leaned in to whisper your name in his ear, and he whispered it back to you. After sharing a brief kiss, you pressed your palms against his muscular chest and began to bounce vigorously. He helped lift you up and down as his cock slid in and out with ease. The lewd sound of skin hitting skin filled the room, along with your mixed grunts, groans, and moans. When his orgasm began to near, he dug his fingers into your flesh and growled in a way that seemed inhuman.

Vesemir’s warm seed spilled into you in short bursts, and then you lowered your head onto his chest. He placed a large hand on your head and languidly stroked your hair. The long locks fell through his fingers like water.

“Are... are we finished here?” you asked, hoping he’d say no. “Or did you want to continue?”  
“Heh. Don’t think I’m satisfied just yet.”

You smiled to yourself and then lifted your head for a brief kiss. Vesemir needed but a moment to recover before going at it with you two more times. You fell asleep in each other's arms when exhaustion came to claim you both.

In the morning, you awoke to a sack of gold near your lover's pillow. You opened it and dumped your small fortune onto the bed. It was more than you would make in several nights, yet you did not smile. Picking up a gold piece, you examined it and then tossed it aside as if it was worthless. Then you stood up and opened the curtain, hoping to catch *him* on his horse. He was long gone, and you could only hope he would return one day. You wanted for nothing... except for the witcher Vesemir.

## End Notes

Thank you for reading :D

This was my first story in The Witcher universe.

If you liked this story please share your thoughts by leaving a comment! I would appreciate it!

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